

240.  
2

# Are these Things So?

THE  
PREVIOUS QUESTION,  
FROM AN  
ENGLISHMAN in his GROTTTO, K  
TO A  
GREAT MAN at COURT.

---

*Lusisti Satis, edisti Satis, atque bibisti,*  
TEMPUS ABIRE TIBI-----

Horat.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-*  
*noster Row*, MDCCXL.



Are these Things So?

THE

PREVIOUS QUESTION

FROM

ENGLISHMAN IN HIS GROTTO

TO A

GREAT MAN AT COURT.



Printed and Sold by  
T. B. ADAMS, 11, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

1841

LONDON

Printed for the Author, at the Press of the

JOHN W. PARKER, 11, FLEET STREET, LONDON.





# Are these Things So?

## THE PREVIOUS QUESTION,

From an ENGLISHMAN in his GROTT,  
To a GREAT MAN at COURT,

EAD to the World's each Scene of Pomp  
or Care,  
Wrap'd up in Apathy to all that's there;  
My sole *Ambition* o'er myself to reign,  
My *Avarice* to make each Hour a Gain;  
My *Scorn* — the Threats or Favours of a Crown,  
A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown;  
My *Pride* — forgetting and to be forgot,  
My *Luxury* — lolling in my peaceful Grott.



All Rancour, Party, Pique, expung'd my Mind,  
 Free or to *laugh* at, or *lament* Mankind;  
 Here my calm Hours I with the wise employ,  
 And the great *Greek*, or *Roman* Sage enjoy ;  
 Or, gayly bent, the Mirth-fraught Page peruse,  
 Or, penfive, keep a *Fast-day* with the Muse.  
 Close shut my Cottage-Gate, where none pretends  
 To lift the Latch but Virtue and her Friends;  
 Tho' pardon me — a Word, Sir, in your Ear,  
 Once, *long ago*, I think I saw *You* here.

Yet to the World, all Hermit as I live,  
 From all its vain Regards a Fugitive ;  
 Still in my Breast my *Country* claims a Part,  
 And Love of *Britain* clings about my Heart :  
 Then tell me Sir, for *You*, 'tis said, best know,  
 Is She, as Fame reports her, *fall'n so low* ?  
 Is *She*, who for so many Ages rode  
*Unquestion'd* Monarch of the *Water-Flood* ;  
 Whose freighted Barks were hail'd in ev'ry Zone,  
 And made each *India's* envy'd Wealth her own ;

Protected



[ 3 ]

Protected still by such a Guardian Force,  
 That were they e'er molested in their Course,  
 Sure *Vengeance* on th' Aggressor straight was pour'd,  
 Unless *Seven-fold* was for the Wrong restor'd;  
 Is She now sunk to such a low *Degree*,  
 That *Gaul* and *Spain* must limit out her *Sea*?  
 That She must ask *what Winds* her Sails shall fill,  
 And steer by *Bounty* who once steer'd at *Will*?  
 Whilst the vast *Navies* rais'd for her Support  
 Nod on the *Main*, or rot before the *Port*;  
 With Hands ty'd up vain *Menaces* retail,  
 Or try by meek *Perswasion* to prevail?

And is there—*What!* — So many *Millions* gone,  
 So *many*,—Heavens! yet nothing, *nothing* done?  
 Do then, her Pow'rs this drowsy Sabbath keep?  
 Is there no Trump will rouse 'em from their Sleep?  
 Are they, quite lost to Empire and Renown,  
 Bemus'd at Home, or sunk in *foreign Down*?  
 Or, is it true, what Fame pretends to say,  
 That *You*, Sir, are the *Author* of *T O-D A Y*?

That



That You're the fatal Cause of *Britain's* Shame,  
 The *Spend-thrift* of her Freedom, and her Fame?  
 That *Albion's* Sons are, by your Arts, become  
 The *Dupes* of Foreigners, and *Slaves* of Home;  
 That her fam'd S—te on whose sage Debate,  
 And free Resolves, depended *Europe's* Fate,  
 Now meanly on your Nod *dependent* sit,  
 And *Yea* or *No* but just as you think fit;  
 Nay, that the *Chiefs* of even *Levi's* Tribe  
 Bow down to you, the *Converts* of a *Bribe*?  
 Whilst our trim *Warriors* deaf to Honour's Call,  
 Now wage no War but in the Senate-Hall,  
 There wait your *Generalissimo* Command,  
 To fight *your* Battles 'gainst the Patriot Band?

And that should ONE more noble than the rest,  
 Disdain to truckle to your high Behest,  
 Speak what he thinks, and freely plead the Cause  
 Of *Britain's* Commerce, Liberty, and Laws;  
 Exert his Pow'r to check Corruption's Swing,  
 And serve, at *once*, his Country and his King,

His



His *dang'rous* Virtues are discarded straight,  
 As sure as they are Vertues of your Hate ;  
 Stripp'd of all Honour, Dignity, and Rule,  
 To cloath some *Kindred* Oaf, or *Titled* Tool.

Or should a brave and honest *Adm'ral* dare  
 To make one Conquest tho' in Time of War,  
 Without *your Leave* to risk a vig'rous Blow,  
 And shew what *Britons*, if they *might*, could do,  
 Whilst ev'ry raptur'd Voice resounds his Praise,  
 And grateful Hands triumphal Columns raise,  
 Your venal Scribes are order'd all they can  
 To *lessen* and *profane* the godlike *Man*.

That thus the *Fountain* of *Britannia's* Health,  
*Source* of her Grandeur, Liberty, and Wealth,  
 Polluted by your *all-corrupting* Hand,  
 With rank Infection deluges the Land ;  
 Parent at once of *Want*, and *Luxury*,  
 Of open Rapine and dark Treachery ;  
 The Knave's *Elixir*, and the just Man's *Bane*,  
*Food* to the *Locust*, *Mildew* to the *Swain* ;

C

Pouring



Pouring on those who once in *Goshen* dwelt  
 More deadly Plagues than *Ægypt* ever felt;  
 And worse than *Israel's* heaviest Task inflicts,  
 Tho' gone our *Straw* yet claiming double *Bricks*:  
 Whilst *Commerce* flies before th' oppressive Weight,  
 And seeks in *Gaul* a more indulgent Fate;  
 Where, Shame to *Britain*! the fair Stranger Guest  
 Is hail'd with Raptures, and her *Wrongs* redress'd.

"What then?" I'm told you say, "we nothing lose,  
 " If they've our *Commerce* we've their wooden Shoes;  
 " And since our *Merchants* are so saucy grown,  
 " 'Tis Time to pull the sturdy *Beggars* down;  
 " They mutiny'd for *War*, and *War* they have,  
 " But such a one that soon a *Peace* they'll crave;  
 " *Peace* shall be *Theirs*, but such a *Peace*, that then  
 " They'll curse their Prayers and wish for *War* again;  
 " Thus pois'ning to 'em what they ask as best,  
 " I'll ruin 'em by granting their Request.

ARE THESE THINGS so? Or is it Fiction all?  
 A *sland'rous Picture* drawn in Soot and Gall?

Offspring



Offspring of Disappointment or Disgrace,  
 Of Those who *want*, or who have *lost* a *Place*?  
 If so, why lives the Scandal? up for Shame,  
 Confront your Foes, and vindicate your Fame;  
 For, trust me Sir, to wink at such Offence,  
 Rather proclaims a *Fear* than *Innocence*;  
 “ No one is guilty ’till he’s guilty prov’d —  
 Come then, be this wild Clamour strait remov’d;  
 In *conscious Justice* cloath’d assert your Right,  
 Shake off this Load of Obloquy and Spite,  
 Like *Samuel* dauntless cry, *Lo here I am!*  
 “ Witness against me if I’m ought to blame.  
 “ Before the Lord and his Anointed say  
 “ Whose *Rights* or *Honours* have I ta’en away?  
 “ Whom, speak, have I *defrauded* or *oppress’d*,  
 “ Or ever pilfer’d *Forage* from whose Beast?  
 “ Of what vile *Contract* was I e’er the Scribe,  
 “ Or of whose Hands have I receiv’d a *Bribe*?  
 “ What *Scheme* did ever I at Home propose  
 “ But whence some *nameless* Profit would have rose?

“ Or



" Or what *C—n—n* e're devise abroad  
 " But such as *Britain's* Se—e did applaud?  
 " What of my *Country's* Money e'er bestow'd  
 " Except in *secret Service* for her Good?  
 " Or what *Incumbrance* on her *Commerce* laid,  
 " But for th' *Increase* of *our* *Revenues* made?  
 " In my dear *Country's* *Service* now *grown* gray,  
 " *Spotless* I've walk'd before you to this Day,  
 " My *Thoughts* laid out, my precious *Time* all spent  
 " In the hard *Slavery* of *Government*;  
 " My *BROTHER* too the *fruitless* *Bondage* shares,  
 " And all your *Peace* is owing to his *Cares*;  
 " Girding his *Loins* he *Travels* far and near,  
 " And brings home some *rare Treaty* ev'ry Year.  
 " You have my *Sons* too with you, who bow down  
 " Beneath the weighty *Service* of the *Crown*;  
 " My *COUSINS* and their *COUSINS* too — hard *Fate*!  
 " Are *loaded* with the *Offices* of *State*;  
 " And not *one Soul* of all my *Kindred's* free,  
 " From *sharing* in the *Publick* *Drudgery*:

" Whence



“ Why then these Shafts of Calumny you throw,  
 “ This groundless *Odium* cast on all I do?  
 “ Speak out with Freedom what you have to say,  
 “ Afide all *Influence, Pow’r, and Skreen* I lay, }  
 “ And put my Conduct on the Proof To-day. }  
 This Sir, if you dare stand the Inquest, do,  
 And then if you’ve but *Samuel’s Answer* too,  
 If all this heavy Charge is void of Ground,  
 And by the *publick Voice* you’re *guiltless* found,  
 Resume your Power, with Terrors arm’d go forth,  
 And blast the Villains that traduc’d your Worth;  
 Who basely durst your Righteous Course Arraign,  
 And Soil the Glory’s of great *Brumswick’s* Reign.

But if you *know* your Cause is not the *best*.  
 Know that you have Defrauded and Oppress’d,  
 That you have ta’en and giv’n many a Bribe,  
 And of a *wicked Contract* been the Scribe.  
 That you *have* pilfer’d *Forage* from the Beast,  
 And with the *Publick Wealth* your *own* encreas’d;

D

Tha



That a dire *Scheme* you laid t' *Excise* the Land,  
 And to a vile C——v——n fet your Hand ;  
 That you've *Monopoliz'd* each Post and Place,  
 To aggrandize your self and *Mushroom* Race.  
 That all your Kindred, BROTHER, SONS, and COUSINS,  
 Have *Titles* and *Employments* by the *Dozens* ;  
 And for as many *Sidesmen* as are wanted,  
*New Places* are contriv'd, *new Pensions* granted.  
 If you e're travell'd in these *crooked Ways*  
 With a long Train of black *et Cetera's* ;  
 Whilst the *whole Nation* loaths your very Name,  
 And Babes and Sucklings your *Dispraise* proclaim ;  
 Turn your Eyes inward on yourself reflect,  
 Think what you *are*, then what you're to *expect*.  
 Pass a few Years the *Sisters* cut your Thread,  
 And rank you in the Number of the Dead ;  
 But of what *Dead* ? not those whose Memory,  
 Bloom with sweet Savour through Posterity.  
 Those deathless Worthies, who, as Good as Great,  
 Or rais'd a fall'n or prop'd a sinking State ;

Or



Or in the breach of Desolation stood,  
 And for their Country's Welfare pledg'd their Blood.  
 No! with the *Curs'd* your Tomb shall foremost stand,  
 The GAVESTON's and WOLSEY's of the Land.

YOUR EPITAPH.

*In this foul Grave lies H E,*  
*Who dug the Grave of British Liberty.*

Since then your Glafs has but few Hours to run,  
 Quit quit the Reins before we're quite undone.  
 Why should you torture out your Dregs of Life,  
 In publick Tumult, Infamy and Strife?  
 To the last gasp maintain a baneful Power  
 Only to see your Country die before?  
 If not for *us*-- for your *own* Family,  
 And as you've made 'em *Great*, pray leave 'em *Free*.

But if there's nothing that can bribe your Will,  
 From this Perverse propensity to Ill;

If



If to the Grave you are on Mischief bent,  
 By growth in Crimes too harden'd to Repent.  
 If, whilst *perhaps* you may, you *won't retreat*,  
 Resolv'd the Nations *Ruin* to compleat.  
 On *Britain's* Downfal to erect a Name,  
 And trust to an *immortal Guilt* for Fame,  
 Mayn't the *Just Vengeance* of an injur'd Land,  
 Thus greatly urg'd, exert a glorious *Stand*?  
 Drive not the *Brave* and *Wretched* to Despair,  
 For though of Freedom, Wealth and Power left bare,  
 The Plunder'd still have *Tongues*, and they may rear,  
 Their loud Complaints to reach their *Sovereign's* Ear,  
 Lay with one Voice, their *Wrongs* before the *Throne*,  
 Whilst H E whose *Fame* to both the Poles is known,  
 All EUROPE'S Arbiter, all ASIA'S Theme,  
 AFFRICK'S Delight, AMERICA'S Supreme ;  
 H E who does still exprefs his Royal Care,  
 His loving Subjects Injuries to repair ;  
 To their *Addresses* graciously attends,  
 And above all their *Liberty* defends,

Who



Who is as **Wise**, as **Pious**, **Mild**, as **Great**,  
 And whose sole Business is to nurse the State ;  
 May judge their Cause and, greatly rous'd, **Command**,  
 The *Staff of Power* from the *polluted Hand*,  
 And to some *abler Head* and *better Heart*,  
 His long *dishonour'd Stewardship* impart.

Perhaps to sage **Camillus** who can boast,  
 Talents quite equal to the arduous Post ;  
 A keen Discernment, strong, yet bridl'd Thought.  
 One Nature's Dow'r, one by just Learning taught,  
 Calm Fortitude, unwarp'd Integrity,  
 And Flame divine to keep his Country Free.

Or to **Demosthenes** whose steddy Zeal,  
 Is still exerted for the publick Weal ;  
 Whose boundless Knowledge and distinguish'd Sense,  
 Flow in full Tides of rapid Eloquence ;  
 And to the Native Treasures of whose Mind,  
 We see form'd Worth, and wide Experience join'd.

E

With



With these the darling *Atticus* may fit  
 An *abler* Partner --- if his *rebel Wit*  
 Can to such *Pains* and *Penalties* submit.

And that fam'd *Caledonian Youth*, whose Morn  
 Propitious Skies, and Noon-tides Rays adorn,  
 Who rose so *early* in his Country's Cause,  
 Shone, though so Young, so *bright*, that our Applause  
 Was lock'd in Wonder---gazing Senates hung  
 On the divine Enchantment of his Tongue.  
 Hark with what Force he pleads in our Defence!  
 How just he speaks an injur'd People's Sense!  
 Half lost to *Britain* now, He chides his Fate,  
 For stealing him, by *Titles*, from the State;  
 Whilst we with Justice wish his *Titles* more,  
 As might such *Virtues* to the State restore.

*F I N I S.*